

# The Spiritual Age

DEVOTED TO RATIONAL SPIRITUALISM AND PRACTICAL REFORM.

"I heard a great Voice from Heaven, saying, Come up hither."

S. B. BRITTON, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER. OFFICE, NO. 333 BROADWAY, OVER HORACE WATELS' PIANO AND MUSIC EMPORIUM, NEW-YORK. TERMS, TWO DOLLARS, IN ADVANCE.

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No. 11.

## Principles of Nature.

### HUMAN DEVELOPMENT.

BY FRANCES H. GREEN.  
PHYSICAL GROWTH.

THERE is no element in the human condition—no principle of human action—so continually and beautifully unfolded, and enforced by analogy, and by the authority of inferior conditions, as the inherent necessity of progress. Every phenomenon of Nature—every free thought, or aspiration of the mind—the whole constitution of the physical and spiritual being—teach this idea, first, last, chiefly—that progress is the great law of all life—all being. The very breath of the Almighty, in producing motion as the first condition of life, has also provided that that motion must be forward—upward—and never in a retrograde direction. And this is philosophically and mechanically necessary for the maintenance of the established order; for suppose some forces were moving forward, others backward, while others, again, were running across both tracks, by taking oblique or lateral directions—would they not continually clash together, interrupt, and disturb each other?

To illustrate more clearly the great natural necessity of progress, let us trace the development of a world—we will say our Earth—and then the development of its products. To avoid unnecessary repetition, and at the same time prevent all misunderstanding, we will set out with the idea that the whole is under the control of the Supreme Intelligence, whom men have named God, Jehovah, Allah, the Great Spirit, and whom we like best to call the Divine Mind.

Looking far back over a space of innumerable ages, we behold—not this wondrous orb, whose more refined elements have now become productive of life and beauty, elaborated by various of vital, active, intelligent, and sentient forms; rare state, floating apparently at large, in the realms of space. But although we can not yet perceive it, the Divine Motion has been generated; for it must have been inherent in the condition of Matter itself. There are two laws gradually coming into force. One of these, the law of Central Attraction, first unites, then condenses, binds together, and concentrates the masses, and thus produces an internal axis of motion—the other, operating in precisely the opposite direction, is the great counter-attraction, which we denominate the Centrifugal Force. These two forces, as is well known, and as may be very simply demonstrated, do not annihilate, but only control and balance each other, producing at the same time an orbicular form to the mass, which is yet in a very rare state, and a line of motion which is the result of their joint action, and therefore must be circular, or elliptical, according as one or the other of the forces may, at any given time, predominate. This ellipsis is the orbit of the planet, which, in obedience to the unerring dictates of a great and beautiful law, has thus been projected on the trackless plane of space.

Here we have the rudimental globe, which, in the process of ages more, perhaps, becomes condensed by the action of its constitutional fire, and other elementary forces, into one great mass of pure mineral substance, without any trace of organism, or any aspect of life. All is one wide expanse of gray rock, and huge, precipitating crags, embedded in a partial fluid, the yet unrefined substance from which shall come forth harder rock, and purer water. But barren and gross as it appears, the breath of God is in it, for that has given motion; and, in its turn, motion has generated an atmosphere; and from this original supply of life and nutriment, in due order shall come forth vitality, in a continually ascending series of ever more perfect and beautiful forms.

On the sides of the bare rocks which had already emerged, first began to appear minute gray substances, which, only adhering by their lower portion or disk—for they had no roots—derived all their nourishment from the air. These lived awhile; and, in decay, deposited a kind of ashen or earthy substance. Thus, in process of time, a light thin soil was formed, where plants of a higher type might put forth roots and grow. Thus each race, in dying, bequeathed its corporeal substance to the common parent; and so, in process of ages, the soil was formed. As its elements were originally drawn from the air, it follows, also, that the atmosphere itself was continually undergoing a process of refinement, by which it should be prepared for the nourishment of higher grades of life. So also sea-weeds of a very low type were formed in the gross compound of fluid and solid, which was the first type of water. In the denser portions these in time formed large marshes, which over-spread most of the Earth; and they became filled with a rank growth of the lower tribes of Flowerless plants, gigantic lichens, mosses, liverworts, mushrooms and sea-weeds, and finally arboraceous ferns.

And continually, along with this, there came to be a development of animal life. Coral formations commenced very

early; and these, by depositing calcareous substances, which they had absorbed from the half-earthly fluid in which they first wrought, contributed at the same time toward purifying the water, and elevating the land, to which they furnished the mineral basis of a softer and better soil. But most of the animal forms were of the grossest types; for only such could respire, and be nourished, by then existing conditions. Huge monsters of ugliness wallowed in the thick deep; and giant lizards, and other sauri, with reptiles and quadrupeds beyond all imagination gross and horrible, crept, or tumbled their unwieldy bulkiness through the rank vegetation on which they fed.

But the refining principle was yet in continual operation. Age by age, and cycle by cycle, the lower and grosser forms, having completed their mission in the work of Time, retired from the scene, leaving the process of development to be continued by the last and highest in the ascending order of life; each series in its death bequeathing to the world higher types, and more complicated and exquisite machinery of organism.

And so, after the recession of unknown ages, the waters were withdrawn to their great beds, basins and channels, and the dry lands emerged into a finer and more vital atmosphere; and a proportional degree of progress appeared in the animal and vegetable forms. And thus, from those huge monsters, the denizens of the first marshes, by a process of gradual refinement, arose at length the more symmetrical shapes of Fish, Bird, and Quadruped.

Nor had the good mother Earth been forgetful of her eldest daughters, the Plants. The gross fabric of the vegetable body continually growing finer, evolved more delicate and beautiful forms. And as the atmosphere was cleared of the gross matter with which it was laden, the light also became clearer; and this again produced all that is lovely in tint and shade of hue—the fabric growing continually finer, and the colors more beautiful, until from the dull iron gray, or kind of muddy olive-colored robes, which made Nature look like a hard old Quakeress, came forth the beautiful forest foliage. And as the light grew more refined, by still more delicate processes, the corolla or blossom was elaborated, while the light that nourished its beauty, projected yet lovelier hues into its exquisite mesh of cell-work—until the deep blue of heaven, the golden sunshine, the carmine blush of morning, the purple glory of evening, and all the splendors of the rainbow, were reflected on its delicate petals.

So when proper food and a fit element for respiration were prepared, came forth living creatures to work and be glad, in their several conditions—to graze the quiet meadows—to leap over the wild mountain passes—to roam the desert—or with winged forms of grace and beauty, to flit from tree to tree, or cleave with untroubled pinions the serene depths of the clear air.

So has Progress been taught in all things. And, Reader, whoever, or whatever thou art, if thou hast read apprehendingly these few elementary fragments of a great idea; never shalt thou look at an unfolding Rose, but its red lips shall whisper thee something of this history of Physical Development, which has been unfolded by the law of Progress. The snowy petals of the lily are written over with its sublime truths—invisible, indeed, to the external eye, but legible and clear to the soul. It is inscribed on all nature. It is the most ancient of all histories; for it is old as the world, and is lithographed in the very heart of the great globe itself.

### INTELLECTUAL GROWTH.

That the material world, from the moment of its first evolution, has been constantly and steadily progressing toward finer elements and higher conditions, has been demonstrated in our first chapter; and we are now prepared to unfold another link in the chain of causation—to take another step in the path of progress. Let us, for a moment, give our entire attention to the development of mental power in man as a race. Scenes of long-past ages shall rise at our bidding; and we will retire behind them all, that we may obtain a better view of mankind on the very threshold of their Earth-temple, and in the early morning of Time. Then we shall more clearly comprehend how vast and wonderful has been the change.

There are many people who affect to believe that the world has made no progress, in any wise, since the days of Adam; but this is a conclusion so unphilosophical, so untrue to all the most important facts in the case, that were it so common, it would hardly deserve the trouble of an answer. But let such people observe—since they best comprehend facts, a few points which may now very properly be set before them.

Between the development of the lower series and the superior, or human being, we observe this remarkable difference. In the inferior races the law of progress operates in a direction to unfold higher species—in the human race to unfold higher individuals. Hence the one must progress, the other must remain stationary. The lower animals, having reached that point where the species, with all its proper characteristics, is duly unfolded, make no further advances,

but continue to rotate until the mission of life is accomplished, and then retire from the scene. In the earliest ages the nests and song of birds were artistically perfect, and the cells of insects geometrically exact as now. And why is this? Why have they made no improvement? We need not go very far in seeking for an answer. It is simply because they are not gifted with reason, to reflect, and improve on what their instinct alone urges them to do. It follows, then, since reason is essential to development, that it would naturally be associated with it.

Now, setting aside all History, all Literature, all records of Science and of Art, let us look at Man wholly divested of all external aids—in the nude attributes of a simple and uncultivated nature. We behold in him a being of observation, reason, and memory. He sees what is immediately before him; he studies and reflects; and, according to the clearness of his individual ideas, he comprehends. He remembers what is in his own past experience, or that of others. He compares, and again reasons; hence he inevitably progresses.

But in order more clearly to illustrate this idea, let us go back to the earliest, or silvan ages. Here we find Man a naked savage, inhabiting holes of the earth, and nourished by spontaneous productions of the soil—fruits, roots, and the mucilaginous bark and leaves of trees. He knows nothing of the uses of fire—nothing of Agriculture, of the principles of Mechanics, of the most simple manufacture, nor even of the first elements of speech. Yet that being, rude and gross as he appears, standing there, away from the modern distance, was as much and truly a man, as the wisest sage of any subsequent times; for he had within himself the germs of capability for all human acquisition and achievement. And yet we can hardly comprehend this, as we behold him, in his almost statue-like immobility of soul, or gazing around, in the dumb wonder of his unconscious power. These germs of intellect, infected by the vitality of the physical conditions, were irritated, and finally inspired by a tendency to corresponding life. And thus, one by one, the most simple and obvious wants came to be supplied, one improvement suggesting another, until there was a material change in human condition.

We advance into later times. A patriarch makes some improvement, perhaps in tillage. He dies; but his son has already been instructed. He looks farther into the matter, and brings out a more important principle. The secret is communicated to his neighbors, his tribe; and thence, by interchange of social feeling, or more probably by war, it is propagated into other tribes. It is diffused, and continually transmitted, and becomes the property of the world. So with Manufactures—so with Arts—so with all that advances the condition of mankind. The aggregate of human experience, which is knowledge, is bequeathed by generation to generation, by age to age; while the ability to occupy in the best manner the premises thus obtained, and to draw from them the truest and most important deductions—or the power which we denominate wisdom, continually strengthens and refines.

But again it may be objected, that there are so many apparent interruptions of this law, as essentially to disturb, if not to destroy its force. Nations rise, attain a certain degree of civilization, then gradually decline—and finally either fall, or recede into utter barbarism. If human Nature in any of its phases were a fixed fact, requiring certain specific conditions, as of time and place, in order to maintain its growth and progress; or if the elements of progress were purely material, the argument might be a plausible one. But we know that neither of these is true. The spirit of actions can not be annihilated nor even effectually controlled, for a considerable length of time, by any accidental circumstances, whatsoever; and the principle of progress is precisely the most volatile—that is, the least material, and the most spiritual, of any in the whole composition of society. Hence the apparent fall and recession of the masses, are not always to be relied on as true indices of the absolute amount of light, which may have been attained, or lost, in any given period.

The question is not, whether a nation is, at any particular time, in a higher or lower plane of development, but simply whether the world at large suffers actual loss, in the decadence of any of its members. Is the vitality of a civilization affected by such events? We may be referred to the miserable Italian, wandering amid the colonnades of departed Rome—to the degenerate Greek, who still lingers amid the classic scenes of his once unrivaled Attica—to the dark Nubian, and the swart Egyptian, who plunder the traveler of the desert, unconscious of the golden ages when science drank at the fountains of the Nile, and art bequeathed imperishable monuments to the land of the Pyramids—ay and to the ruins of perhaps more ancient American cities, where the departed nations have left no representative, but only a blank silence, to tell us of the past! Where are the splendors of Babylon the great? Where are the purple glories of Tyre—Tyre, the imperial mistress of the seas—who once beheld the commerce of the world sitting at her feet? Where is the progress of all these? The hollow voice of echo amid all their ruins, only answers, "Where?"

And yet this truth does not affect the question at all; because the spiritual can never be estimated or measured by the material. We behold the ruins; but we can not trace the spirit which once animated them with the life and character of genius. Think ye that the minds of the Designer of Carnac, the Architect of Luxor, the Sculptors of Elephanta, or the Artists of Palenque and ancient Quito, died out when their peoples fell into decay, and "left the world no copy?"

Was there less wisdom in the earth when Rome finally sat down in dust and ashes to mourn over her broken toys, the ruined baubles of her overgrown empire, than when her power overshadowed every land, as her fleets stretched over every sea? Certainly not.

The monopoly of power by nations, if it is forcibly attained and held and made the minister of brute force, is, as well as that of individuals, a violation of the rights of those who by that means are deprived of their natural and just proportion of the common wealth or power. This must be so; for if there is an absolute amount of any good thing and one takes what belongs to two, it follows that one other must lose what naturally belongs to him; and so on through larger appropriations. Hence it becomes clear that when a nation is founded on false principles, such as conquest, robbery, wrong in any form, and sustained by the same, that its destruction is but a tendency of the moral elements of vitality in the race, which, not less than the physical elements, seek an equilibrium—that is, seek justice and right.

But in the material, the apparent loss apparent mischief, apparent diminution of light; yet in reality it never is; nor can it be so. But the great luminaries, though they may set in clouds, and darkness and blood, are not lost. They surely rise again on some more serene and beautiful horizon, to attain to yet higher altitudes, to diffuse abroad through wider spheres a more brilliant illumination and a more enduring life; and thus the apparent interruption may lead the way to more signal and determined victories of Thought and Genius—to more excellent attainments in all that can advance and do honor to the Race.

Great and good actions never die; for although they may not be remembered, nor even known in the form, they are essentially immortal. And when a nation is overcome by brute force, all there is in it of good—all that is vital—must still live. They pass into other nations. They go with messages of light and love to other shores. They may be projected by the impulse of these convulsive changes into remote regions which they would not otherwise have visited, and where also they are most wanted. Every principle of good must live. No machinery of savage warfare—and all warfare is savage—can compass it about, or take away its life. Truth and Right are immortal. They may be put to the sword, and crushed in the material form of their expounder; but the essence escapes—it lives. It even gathers new life and power. In the expiring agonies of the dying martyr the divine principles for which he suffers may be sent forth with such a terrible and resistless energy as they never could have had in the previous life, into the very soul that is expanded, and waiting to receive them—waiting to conduct them into a wider sphere, and higher plane of action. So it is. Only the phenomenal can be destroyed. There is no death—there is no fall—there is no decay to the living. Life, when once established, must have growth; and growth is progress.

In the exterior fact nations have fallen and disappeared from the earth; but the Spirit and Genius of nations was bequeathed to humanity—to the world. Thus Judea and Ethiopia enriched Egypt with the treasures of their wisdom in Science and Art. Egypt, in her turn, became the nursing mother of Greece, Greece of Rome, Rome of Britain and other European nations—and these of the world.

It may be said that some particular arts, or processes of art, once known to the ancients, are now lost for ever, and we have no power to reach the excellence which, in these respects, our progenitors attained. If the mind were material, or could be confined in material forms, this argument also might hold good so far as it goes. But this is by no means the truth. Some particular facts have undoubtedly been lost; but who can tell what principles of great and universal good may have been given in exchange for those facts? We do not know; but we know this, that for every lost art we have hundreds, if not thousands, of new discoveries and inventions, each of which may be of equal value with any of the missing gems, if we consider them in regard to the absolute amount of good they may confer on the world.

Again, it is said that the artistic faculties of the ancients reached a height of power and splendor which has never been equaled in modern times. But even admitting the claim, it does not invalidate the strength of the general argument at all. There are several reasons for this. In the first place the mental power, which is now more equally diffused through the masses, was in early times concentrated in individuals. And this was necessary, considering the common ignorance, and hence immobility—even for the good of the masses themselves. These could not be reached directly, nor moved collectively, but only through the more excitable persons,

who became to them media, through whom might be made manifest revelations of the Beautiful, the Sublime, the True. So a few individuals, perhaps, became the natural absorbents of the genius of a whole people; and hence the transcendent splendor of their power.

And again, in rudimental ages the imaginative faculties greatly predominate; and the arts connected with them are cultivated, and approach their maximum of excellence, perhaps, before the Reason, which is of much slower growth, can have become matured, or even conscious of the strength it is destined to wield. Yet shall we say that the Fine Arts have a higher dignity and power, or that the spirit and genius of their cultivators were more ennobling than those of Science?

Was Homer, or Praxiteles, a greater, or even a finer genius than Archimedes, who bequeathed to the world those great mechanical laws which governed it for eighteen centuries? Was Tubal Cain less nobly endowed than the tuneful Jubal? We are so accustomed to regard whatever involves the necessity of mechanical labor, as being essentially vulgar, that we are hardly prepared to judge in this matter; and yet we shall, at no very distant period, see things more clearly.

Every great genius is not the property of himself, nor of his people, nor of his nation, but of the world; and what is true of the greater, is also true of the lesser lights. All power for good is public property. It may be confined or appropriated for a while; but it ultimately reverts to its true law. It seeks equilibrium as naturally and necessarily as air, and light and heat. Thus there is an interfusion of ev-

ery spirit with every other man's. One may have his own original genius; but this will be modified, more or less, by all that have gone before, by all that immediately preceded, by all that constantly surround him. In Copernicus we behold not himself alone, but a partial transfusion of the spirit of the Samian Sage; and again, was not Pythagoras, himself, an impersonation of the wisdom of ages that had gone before, yet conjoined with his own pre-determined and original genius? If Ptolemy had not studied, and recorded his observations, would Hipparchus, who was his immediate successor in the line of genius, have made his great discovery of the precession of the equinoxes? Or if Vitruvius had not written, should we have had a Michael Angelo? And we may say of a Franklin, a Kepler, a Newton, a D'Alembert, a Laplace, a Cuvier. Had their not been other great lights in the firmament, would these have been stars of the first magnitude?

But leaving all minor matters aside, let us take a single point—the history of Steam Power; for this will put the case in the strongest possible light. About a century before the commencement of the Christian era, Hero, a native of Alexandria, described a machine in which a movement of continual rotation might be imparted to an axis, by the refection of steam, issuing from lateral orifices, in arms placed at right angles to the revolving axis. About the beginning of the seventeenth century, Branca, an Italian engineer, conceived the idea of giving motion to a wheel, by a blast of steam blown against its axis. About the same time De Caus, a French engineer, proposed to raise a column of water by the pressure of steam, confined in a vessel above the water which was to be raised.

About the middle of the seventeenth century the celebrated Marquis of Worcester published his great work, "A Century of Inventions," in which he describes a steam-engine to be worked by high-pressure; and it is quite probable that he had conceived some idea of the elastic force of steam. Toward the close of the same century the principle of the atmospheric engine was shadowed forth in the mind of Papin, a French engineer, who sought to obtain a moving power by introducing a piston into a cylinder, and producing a vacuum under it, by a sudden condensation of the steam by coal; but he made no practical application of his theory.

The first actual worker of a steam-engine was Thomas Savery, an Englishman, who obtained a patent for his invention in 1698. Savery combined the ideas of Worcester and Papin, or the principles of the elastic pressure and susceptibility of condensation in steam; but he was very far both from an exact understanding of these properties, and a knowledge of their full power. Savery's engine was used for raising water; but its workings were faulty and wasteful in the extreme, while from the unregulated high-pressure used, there was continual danger from explosions. These wants and difficulties suggested much study on the subject, and finally led to the invention of the atmospheric engine, by Newcomen, a blacksmith, and Cawley, a glazier, of Dartmouth, England. An important improvement in this machine was made some time after, by an ingenious boy named Potter, who found that head-work, for him at least, was better than hand-work. He was employed to attend the cocks by which the steam was admitted and condensed, and the condensed steam and water drawn off. He conceived the happy device of tying two strings to the cocks, which he fastened to the working beam above, that by its ascending and descending motion it might open and close the cocks; and this was soon done, more promptly and efficiently than he could do. By this simple device the engine nearly trip-

















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That the material world, from the moment of its first evolution, has been constantly and steadily progressing toward finer elements and higher conditions, has been demonstrated in our first chapter; and we are now prepared to unfold another link in the chain of causation—to take another step in the path of progress. Let us, for a moment, give our entire attention to the development of mental power in man as a race. Scenes of long-past ages shall rise at our bidding; and we will retire behind them all, that we may obtain a better view of mankind on the very threshold of their Earth-temple, and in the early morning of Time. Then we shall more clearly comprehend how vast and wonderful has been the change.

There are many people who affect to believe that the world has made no progress, in any wise, since the days of Adam; but this is a conclusion so unphilosophical, so untrue to all the most important facts in the case, that were it not so common, it would hardly deserve the trouble of an answer. But let such people observe—since they best comprehend facts, a few points which may now very properly be set before them.

Between the development of the lower series and the superior, or human being, we observe this remarkable difference. In the inferior races the law of progress operates in a direction to unfold higher species—in the human race to unfold higher individuals. Hence the one must progress, the other must remain stationary. The lower animals, having reached that point where the species, with all its proper characteristics, is duly unfolded, make no further advances,

but continue to rotate until the mission of life is accomplished, and then retire from the scene. In the earliest ages the nests and song of birds were artistically perfect, and the cells of insects geometrically exact as now. And why is this? Why have they made no improvement? We need not go very far in seeking for an answer. It is simply because they are not gifted with reason, to reflect, and improve on what their instinct alone urges them to do. It follows, then, since reason is essential to development, that it would naturally be associated with it.

Now, setting aside all History, all Literature, all records of Science and of Art, let us look at Man wholly divested of all external aids—in the nude attributes of a simple and uncultivated nature. We behold in him being of observation, reason, and memory. He sees what is immediately before him; he studies and reflects; and, according to the clearness of his individual ideas, he comprehends. He remembers what is in his own past experience, or that of others. He compares, and again reasons; hence he inevitably progresses.

But in order more clearly to illustrate this idea, let us go back to the earliest, or silvan ages. Here we find Man a naked savage, inhabiting holes of the earth, and nourished by spontaneous productions of the soil—fruits, roots, and the mucilaginous bark and leaves of trees. He knows nothing of the uses of fire—nothing of Agriculture, of the principles of Mechanics, of the most simple manufacture, nor even of the first elements of speech. Yet that being, rude and gross as he appears, standing there, awfully close to the distance, was as much and truly a man, as the wisest sage of any subsequent times; for he had within himself the germs of capability for all human acquisition and achievement. And yet we can hardly comprehend this, as we behold him, in his almost statue-like immobility of soul, or gazing around, in the dumb wonder of his unconscious power. These germs of intellect, infected by the vitality of the physical conditions, were irritated, and finally inspired by a tendency to corresponding life. And thus, one by one, the most simple and obvious wants came to be supplied, one improvement suggesting another, until there was a material change in human condition.

We advance into later times. A patriarch makes some improvement, perhaps in tillage. He dies; but his son has already been instructed. He looks further into the matter, and brings out a more important principle. The secret is communicated to his neighbors, his tribe; and thence, by interchange of social feeling, or more probably by war, it is propagated into other tribes. It is diffused, and continually transmitted, and becomes the property of the world. So with Manufactures—so with Arts—so with all that advances the condition of mankind. The aggregate of human experience, which is knowledge, is bequeathed by generation to generation, by age to age; while the ability to occupy in the best manner the premises thus obtained, and to draw from them the truest and most important deductions—or the power which we denominate wisdom, continually strengthens and refines.

But again it may be objected, that there are so many apparent interruptions of this law, as essentially to disturb, if not to destroy its force. Nations rise, attain a certain degree of civilization, then gradually decline—and finally either fall, or recede into utter barbarism. If human Nature in any of its phases were a fixed fact, requiring certain specific conditions, as of time and place, in order to maintain its growth and progress; or if the elements of progress were purely material, the argument might be a plausible one. But we know that neither of these is true. The spirit of actions can not be annihilated nor even effectually controlled, for a considerable length of time, by any accidental circumstances, whatsoever; and the principle of progress is precisely the most volatile—that is, the least material, and the most spiritual, of any in the whole composition of society. Hence the apparent fall and recession of the masses, are not always to be relied on as true indices of the absolute amount of light, which may have been attained, or lost, in any given period.

The question is not, whether a nation is, at any particular time, in a higher or lower plane of development, but simply whether the world at large suffers actual loss, in the decadence of any of its members. Is the fatality of a civilization affected by such events? We may be referred to the miserable Italian, wandering amid the colonnades of departed Rome—to the degenerate Greek, who still lingers amid the classic scenes of his once unrivaled Attica—to the dark Nubian, and the swart Egyptian, who plunder the traveler of the desert, unconscious of the golden ages when science drank at the fountains of the Nile, and art bequeathed imperishable monuments to the land of the Pyramids—ay and to the ruins of perhaps more ancient American cities, where the departed nations have left no representative, but only a blank silence, to tell us of the past! Where are the splendors of Babylon the great? Where are the purple glories of Tyre—Tyre, the imperial mistress of the seas—who once beheld the commerce of the world sitting at her feet? Where is the progress of all these? The hollow voice of echo amid all their ruins, only answers, "Where?"

And yet this truth does not affect the question at all; because the spiritual can never be estimated or measured by the material. We behold the ruins; but we can not trace the spirit which once animated them with the life and character of genius. Think ye that the minds of the Designer of Carnae, the Architect of Luxor, the Sculptors of Elephanta, or the Artists of Palenque and ancient Quito, died out when their peoples fell into decay, and "left the world no copy?"

Was there less wisdom in the earth when Rome finally sat down in dust and ashes to mourn over her broken toys, the ruined baubles of her overgrown empire, than when her power overshadowed every land, as her fleets stretched over every sea? Certainly not.

The monopoly of power by nations, if it is forcibly attained and held, and made the minister of brute force, is, as well as that of individuals, a violation of the rights of those who by that means are deprived of their natural and just proportion of the common wealth or power. This must be so; for if there is an absolute amount of any good thing and one takes what belongs to two, it follows that one other must lose what naturally belongs to him; and so on through larger appropriations. Hence it becomes clear that when a nation is founded on false principles, such as conquest, robbery, wrong in any form, and sustained by the same, that its destruction is but a tendency of the moral elements of vitality in the race, which, not less than the physical elements, seek an equilibrium—that is, seek justice and right.

But in the material, the apparent loss apparent mischief, apparent diminution of light; yet in reality it never is; nor can it be so. But the great luminaries, though they may set in clouds, and darkness and blood, are not lost. They surely rise again on some more serene and beautiful horizon, to attain to yet higher altitudes, to diffuse abroad through wider spheres a more brilliant illumination and a more enduring life; and thus the apparent interruption may lead the way to more signal and determined victories of Thought and Genius—to more excellent attainments in all that can advance and do honor to the Race.

Great and good actions never die; for although they may not be remembered, nor even known in the form, they are essentially immortal. And when a nation is overcome by brute force, all there is in it of good—all that is vital—must still live. They pass into other nations. They go with messages of light and love to other shores. They may be projected by the impulse of these convulsive changes into remote regions which they would not otherwise have visited, and where also they are most wanted. Every principle of good must live. No machinery of savage warfare—and all warfare is savage—can compass it about, or take away its life. Truth and Right are immortal. They may be put to the sword, and crushed in the material form of their expounder; but the essence escapes—it lives. It even gathers new life and power. In the expiring agonies of the dying martyr the divine principles for which he suffers may be sent forth with such a terrible and resistless energy as they never could have had in the previous life, into the very soul that is expanded, and waiting to receive them—waiting to conduct them into a wider sphere, and higher plane of action. So it is. Only the phenomenal can be destroyed. There is no death—there is no fall—there is no decay to the living. Life, when once established, must have growth; and growth is progress.

In the exterior fact nations have fallen and disappeared from the earth; but the Spirit and Genius of nations was bequeathed to humanity—to the world. Thus Judea and Ethiopia enriched Egypt with the treasures of their wisdom in Science and Art. Egypt, in her turn, became the nursing mother of Greece, Greece of Rome, Rome of Britain and other European nations—and these of the world.

It may be said that some particular arts, or processes of art, once known to the ancients, are now lost for ever, and we have no power to reach the excellence which, in these respects, our progenitors attained. If the mind were material, or could be confined in material forms, this argument also might hold good so far as it goes. But this is by no means the truth. Some particular facts have undoubtedly been lost; but who can tell what principles of great and universal good may have been given in exchange for those facts? We do not know; but we know this, that for every lost art we have hundreds, if not thousands, of new discoveries and inventions, each of which may be of equal value with any of the missing gems, if we consider them in regard to the absolute amount of good they may confer on the world.

Again, it is said that the artistic faculties of the ancients reached a height of power and splendor which has never been equaled in modern times. But even admitting the claim, it does not invalidate the strength of the general argument at all. There are several reasons for this. In the first place the mental power, which is now more equally diffused through the masses, was in early times concentrated in individuals. And this was necessary, considering the common ignorance, and hence immobility—even for the good of the masses themselves. These could not be reached directly, nor moved collectively, but only through the more excitable persons,

who became to them media, through whom might be made manifest revelations of the Beautiful, the Sublime, the True. So a few individuals, perhaps, became the natural absorbers of the genius of a whole people; and hence the transcendent splendor of their power.

And again, in rudimentary ages the imaginative faculties greatly predominate; and the arts connected with them are cultivated, and approach their maximum of excellence, perhaps, before the Reason, which is of much slower growth, can have become matured, or even conscious of the strength it is destined to wield. Yet shall we say that the Fine Arts have a higher dignity and power, or that the spirit and genius of their cultivators were more ennobling than those of Science? Was Homer, or Praxiteles, a greater, or even a finer genius than Archimedes, who bequeathed to the world those great mechanical laws which governed it for eighteen centuries? Was Tubal Cain less nobly endowed than the tuneless Jubal? We are so accustomed to regard whatever involves the necessity of mechanical labor, as being essentially vulgar, that we are hardly prepared to judge in this matter; and yet we shall, at no very distant period, see things more clearly.

Every great genius is not the property of himself, nor of his people, nor of his nation, but of the world; and what is true of the greater, is also true of the lesser lights. All power for good is public property. It may be confined or appropriated for a while; but it ultimately reverts to its true law. It seeks equilibrium as naturally and necessarily as air, and light and heat. Thus there is an interfusion of every spirit with every other man's. One may have his own original genius; but this will be modified, more or less, by all that have gone before, by all that immediately preceded, by all that constantly surround him. In Copernicus we behold not himself alone, but a partial transfusion of the spirit of the Samian Sage; and again, was not Pythagoras, himself, an impersonation of the wisdom of ages that had gone before, yet conjoined with his own pre-determined and original genius? If Ptolemy had not studied, and recorded his observations, would Hipparchus, who was his immediate successor in the line of genius, have made his great discovery of the precession of the equinoxes? Or if Vitruvius had not written, should we have had a Michael Angelo? And we may say of a Franklin, a Kepler, a Newton, a D'Alembert, a Laplace, a Cuvier. Had their not been other great lights in the firmament, would these have been stars of the first magnitude?

But leaving all minor matters aside, let us take a single point—the history of Steam Power; for this will put the case in the strongest possible light. About a century before the commencement of the Christian era, Hero, a native of Alexandria, described a machine in which a movement of continual rotation might be imparted to an axis, by the relation of steam, issuing from lateral orifices, in arms placed at right angles to the revolving axis. About the beginning of the seventeenth century, Branca, an Italian engineer, conceived the idea of giving motion to a wheel, by a blast of steam blown against its axis. About the same time De Caus, a French engineer, proposed to raise a column of water by the pressure of steam, confined in a vessel above the water which was to be raised.

About the middle of the seventeenth century the celebrated Marquis of Worcester published his great work, "A Century of Inventions," in which he describes a steam-engine to be worked by high-pressure; and it is quite probable that he had conceived some idea of the elastic force of steam. Toward the close of the same century the principle of the atmospheric engine was shadowed forth in the mind of Papin, a French engineer, who sought to obtain a moving power by introducing a piston into a cylinder, and producing a vacuum under it, by a sudden condensation of the steam by coal; but he made no practical application of his theory.

The first actual worker of a steam-engine was Thomas Savery, an Englishman, who obtained a patent for his invention in 1698. Savery combined the ideas of Worcester and Papin, or the principles of the elastic pressure and susceptibility of condensation in steam; but he was very far both from an exact understanding of these properties, and a knowledge of their full power. Savery's engine was used for raising water; but its workings were faulty and wasteful in the extreme, while from the unregulated high-pressure used, there was continual danger from explosions. These wants and difficulties suggested much study on the subject, and finally led to the invention of the atmospheric engine, by Newcomen, a blacksmith, and Cawley, a glazier, of Dartmouth, England. An important improvement in this machine was made some time after, by an ingenious boy named Potter, who found that head-work, for him at least, was better than hand-work. He was employed to attend the cocks by which the steam was admitted and condensed, and the condensed steam and water drawn off. He conceived the happy device of tying two strings to the cocks, which he fastened to the working beam above, that by its ascending and descending motion it might open and close the cocks; and this was soon done, more promptly and efficiently than he could do. By this simple device the engine nearly tri-



RECREATION.—So necessary is recreation, says a late philosopher, that if you should build school-houses without playgrounds, nobody would get beyond short division in a lifetime.

progress acts upon them from *without* and by constraint and address, instead of acting from *within* themselves. They conceive that it will sooner or later arbitrarily overrule their propensities, habits and wills, and *compel* them to become better and wiser; or that it will act *upon* their will, and without any effort upon their part, change it from the will of evil to the will of good. Consequently they complacently wait for the redeeming influence and operation of this law to work a change in their nature, and gradually turn them from the error of their ways and push them along up the incline

This free, open, sincere and affirmative state of mind is more especially important in the investigation of spiritual subjects. The investigation of scientific questions is more tangible and objective, whereas the investigation of subjects pertaining to the mind and soul, is more fugacious and interior. Their objects and subjects are of a specifically different nature. There is the same difference between them that there is between the examination of the substance of the brain by the eye or the microscope, and the examination of the structure and nature of a thought, or an emotion of the mind. The former is external and done by the natural eye; the latter is psychical, and done by the mental eye. In the investigation of spiritual subjects mind contacts, as it were, with mind. Hence the condition of the investigating mind is of supreme importance. It is true, that many of the phenomena of modern Spiritualism are external and physical, and address the outward senses; yet we are inclined to think that these phenomena depend more upon this free, open, sincere and affirmative state of mind in the medium and the investigators present, than we have hitherto believed. The mental and spiritual conditions must be first right

And now, as an excuse for *thus* approaching the investigation of phenomena which, if real, can not but be of the importance to the religious world, these *savants* say that "any connection with Spiritualistic Circles, *corrupts the moral and degrades the intellect.*" They thus endeavor to make Spiritualism father *their* short-comings, by having for one connected themselves with a "Spiritualistic Circle." Their apology is sufficient, and their wisdom shines bright even through the degradation which their intellects have suffered by contact with a "circle."

At the time of our going to press we have no further intelligence from the Boston Investigating Committee. We understand, however, through indirect but reliable sources, that the conditions stipulated for by Dr. Gardner and friends, were disregarded and sought to be evaded by the Cambridge Professors and their abettors. This was effected, from the railing of the *Boston Courier* at the attempt of Spiritualists to impose their own unreasonable and hypothetical conditions. We learn, also, that although Dr. G. failed to produce the phenomena he promised, and in his presence, yet when the medium was removed to another room, or when the Committee withdrew, phenomena were produced in abundance. Dr. G. we learn, has invited the conductors of the Boston Press.



The first night's occupancy being undisturbed, Mr. Bull began to suspect that former tenants had been "sold"—"frightened at their own shadows," &c. But the second night, about 12 o'clock—the hour at which the disturbances usually occurred—a sudden rattling of the door-latch was heard. At first it was thought to be—well, it might be the scratching of a cat, the—er—the—or—but it could n't be a ghost! Mr. and wife, both of whom had risen up to listen, again laid down and

We think the fact that the plant grows upward sufficient demonstration of this fact. The surface of the branches, leaves and flowers must be in a positive electric condition, in order that the fluids should be drawn up and diffused through them. Were it otherwise the plant would grow downwards, spread its branches, open its flowers and bear fruit under ground.

contents. The retail price is 50 cents; postage, 5 cents. Address David Richmond, Warehouse Point, Conn.

... saw him struggling in the snow; he galloped back, took the drake gently in mouth, and bore him off to share the meal of his noble-minded companion."

ky skins, put down under the head of "incidentals," (*incidentals* is the equally evasive caption of "sundries." *Tempera mutantur*



## Miscellaneous Department.

## THE WEEPER.

BY JAMES NELSON.

"The servant curiously doleth the shadow,"—Jon.

"THE morn is past, and yet the weeds are thick,  
And the fierce August sun pours out its burning light;  
O God!" she said, "send, send that shadow quick,  
Which I desire so yearningly."

"For me the heat and burden of the day,  
And a stern master who doth show no leniency;  
For him rich pleasure-lands stretch far away,  
With groves of cool serenity."

"Above his meadows, into golden air,  
The rounded knoll uplifts its green protuberance,  
And ripening harvests wave and toss their hair,  
In golden-dressed exuberance."

"There are cool woodlands, in whose dusk arched  
The very noonday seems of twilight emulous;  
No heat wins there, but, in the silent glades,  
The gentle dews hang tremulous."

"There the tall tulip crests the glorious scene,  
The stately monarch of those sylvan palaces;  
And its strong arms, like priests in ferial gown,  
Lift up their golden chalices."

"Through the thick leaves the tempered sunbeams sift,  
And pleasant shades are o'er the sward distributed;  
The worms may crawl; these thistle-down may drift,  
And I—I am prohibited."

"I faint with toil; yet keep my faith to all,  
Though none save God, regardless me observantly,  
Father!" she cried, "when will that shadow fall,  
For which I pine so fervently?"

Then came a shadow; but 't was icy cold,  
As of some wraith, dread Angel o'er her hovering;  
It wreathed around her with voluminous fold,  
And wrapped her in its covering:

Chill though it was, she hailed it with a smile;  
And, worn by years and grief and long infirmity,  
Lay down beneath it, slept a little while,  
And awakened in eternity.

## THE BROKEN HEART.

THERE was a large and gay party assembled one evening, in the memorable month of June, 1815, at a house in the western suburbs of London. The throng of handsome and well-dressed women—a large retinue of the leading men about town—the dazzling light of chandeliers, blaring like three suns overhead—the charms of music and dancing—together with that tone of excitement then pervading society at large, owing to our successful continental campaigns which maddened England into almost daily enunciations of victory—all these circumstances, I say, combined to supply spirit to every party. In fact, England was almost turned upside down with universal feeling! Mrs. —, the lady whose party I have just been mentioning, was in ecstacy at the ecstacy with which the whole was going off, and charmed with the buoyant animation with which all seemed inclined to contribute their quota to the evening's amusement. A young lady of some personal attractions, most amiable manners, and great accomplishments, particularly musical, had been repeatedly solicited to sit down to the piano, for the purpose of favoring the company with the favorite Scotch air "The Banks of Allan Water." For a long time, however, she steadfastly resisted their importunities on the plea of low spirits. There was evidently an air of deep pensiveness, if not melancholy, about her, which ought to have corroborated the truth of the plea she urged. She did not seem to gather excitement with the rest, and rather endured than shared the gaieties of the evening. Of course, the young folks around her of her own sex whispered their suspicion that she was in love; and in point of fact, it was well known by several present that she was.

Suppose now a young man who had earned considerable distinction in the penular campaign and to whom she was to be united on his return from the continent. It need not, therefore, be wondered at that a thought of the various casualties to which a soldier's life is exposed—especially a bold and brave young soldier, such as her intended had proved himself—and the possibility, if not probability, that he might, alas! never

—but be left behind among the glorious throng of the fallen, sufficed to overcast her mind with gloomy anxieties and apprehensions. It was, indeed, owing solely to the affectionate importunities of her relatives that she was prevailed on to be seen in society at all. Had her own inclinations been consulted, she would have sought solitude, where she might, with weeping and trembling, commend her hopes to Him "who seeth in secret," and "whose are the issues" of battle. As, however, Miss —'s rich contralto voice and skillful powers of accompaniment were much talked of, the company would listen to no excuse or apologies; so the poor girl was absolutely bound into sitting down to the piano, when she ran over a few melancholy chords with an air of reluctance and displeasure. Her sympathies were soon excited by the fine tones—the tumultuous melody of the keys she touched; and she struck into the soft and soothing symphony of the "The Banks of Allan Water." The breathless silence of the bystanders (for nearly all the company was thronged around) was at length broken by her voice, stealing, "like faint blue gushing streams," on the delighted ears of her auditors, as she commenced singing that exquisite little ballad with the most touching pathos and simplicity. She had just commenced the verse,

"For his bride a soldier sought her,  
And a winning tongue had he—  
None so true as she!

when, to the surprise of everybody around her, she suddenly ceased playing and singing, without removing her hands from the instrument, and gazed steadfastly forward with a vacant air, while the color faded from her cheeks, and left them pale as the lily. She continued thus for some moments, to the alarm and astonishment of the company—motionless, and apparently unconscious of any one's presence. Her elder sister, much agitated, stepped towards her, placed her hand on her shoulder, endeavored gently to arouse her, and said hurriedly, "Anne, Anne! what now is the matter?" Miss — made no answer; but a few moments after, without moving her eyes, suddenly burst into a piercing shriek! Concomitant seized all present.

"Sister—sister! dear Anne, are you ill?" again inquired her trembling sister, endeavoring to arouse her, but in vain. Miss — did not seem either to see or hear her. Her eyes still gazed fixedly forward, till they seemed gradually to expand, as it were, with an expression of glassy horror. All present seemed utterly confounded and afraid to interfere with her. Whispers were heard; "She's ill—in a fit—run for some water—good God, how strange!"—what a piercing shriek! &c. At length Miss —'s lips moved. She began to mutter inaudibly; but by-and-by those immediately near her could distinguish the words, "There, there are with their lanterns—Oh! they are looking out for the d—s—d! They turn over the heaps. Ah!—now—no—little hill of slain—see, see!—they are turning them over one by one. There is—there is—Oh, horror! horror! horror!—RIGHT THROUGH THE HEART!" and with a long shuddering groan she fell senseless into the arms of her horror-stricken sister. Of course all were in confusion and dismay; not a face present but was blanched with agitation and affright on hearing the extraordinary words she uttered. With true delicacy and propriety of feeling, all those whose carriages had happened to have already arrived instantly took their departure, to prevent their presence embarrassing or interfering with the family, who were already sufficiently bewildered. The room was soon thinned of all except those who were immediately engaged in rendering their services to the young lady, and the servant was instantly dispatched with a horse for her. On my arrival, I found her in bed, still at the house where the party was given, which was that of the young lady's sister-in-law. She had fallen into a succession of swoons ever since she had been carried up from the drawing-room, and was perfectly senseless when I entered the bed-chamber where she lay. She had not spoken a syllable since uttering the singular words just related, and her whole frame was cold and rigid; in fact, she seemed to have received some strange shock which had altogether paralyzed her. By the use, however, of strong stimulants, she succeeded in at length restoring her to something like consciousness, but I think it would have been better for her, judging from the event, never to have wakened her again from forgetfulness. She opened her eyes under the influence of the searching stimulants we applied, and stared vacantly for an instant on

those standing round her bedside. Her countenance, of an ashy hue, was damp with clammy perspiration, and she lay perfectly motionless, except when her frame undulated with long, deep-drawn sighs. "Oh, wretched, wretched, wretched girl!" she murmured at length, "why have I lived till now? Why did I not suffer me to expire? He called me to join him—I was going—and you will not let me—but I MUST go—yes, yes!"

"Anne, dearest! why do you talk so? Charles is not gone. He will return soon; he will, indeed," sobbed her sister.

"Oh, never, never! You could not see what I saw, Jane," she shuddered; "Oh, it was frightful! How they tumbled about the heaps of the dead! How they stripped—oh, horror! horror!"

"My dear Miss —, you are dreaming—raving—indeed you are," said I, holding her hand in mine; "come, come, you must not give way to such gloomy, such nervous fancies; you must not indeed. You are frightening your friends to no purpose."

"What do you mean?" she replied, looking me suddenly full in the face; "I tell you it is true! Ah, me! Charles is dead—I know it—I saw him—Shot right through the heart! They were stripping him, when—when—leaving three or four short, convulsive sobs, she again swooned. Mrs. —, the lady of the house (the sister-in-law of Miss —, as I think I have mentioned) could endure the distressing scene no longer, and was carried out of the room fainting in the arms of her husband. With great difficulty we succeeded in restoring Miss — once more to consciousness; but the frequency and duration of her relapses began seriously to alarm me. The spirit being brought so often to the brink, might at last suddenly slip off into eternity without any one's being aware of it. I of course did all that my professional knowledge and experience suggested; and after expressing my readiness to remain all night in the house, in the event of any sudden alteration in Miss — for the worse, I took my departure, promising to call very early in the morning. Before leaving, Mr. — and acquainted me with all the particulars above related; and as I rode home, I could not help feeling the liveliest curiosity, mingled with the most intense sympathy for the unfortunate sufferer, to see whether the corroborating event would stamp the present as one of those extraordinary occurrences which occasionally "come o'er us like a summer cloud, lightning and perplexing every one."

The next morning about nine o'clock, I was again at Miss —'s bedside. She was nearly in the same state as that in which I had left her the preceding evening, only feebler and almost continually stupor. She seemed, as it were, stunned with some severe but invisible stroke. She said scarcely any thing, but often uttered a low, moaning, indistinct sound, and whispered at intervals, "Yes—shortly, Charles, shortly—to-morrow." There was no rousing her by conversation; she, noticed no one, and would answer no questions. I suggested the propriety of calling in additional medical assistance; and in the evening two eminent brother physicians in consultation at her bedside. We came to the conclusion that she was sinking rapidly, and that, unless some miracle intervened to restore her energies, she would continue with us but a very little longer. After my brother physicians had left, I returned to the sick chamber, and sat by Miss —'s bedside for more than an hour. My feelings were much agitated at witnessing her singular and affecting situation. There was such a sweet and sorrowful expression about her pallid features, deepening occasionally into such hopelessness of heart-broken anguish, as no one could contemplate without deep emotion. There was besides something mysterious and awing—something of what in Scotland is called *second sight*—in the circumstances which had occasioned her illness.

"Gone—gone!" she murmured, with closed eyes, while I was sitting and gazing in silence on her; "gone—and in glory! Ah! I shall see the young conqueror—I shall! How he will love me! Ah! I recollect," she continued, after a long interval, "it was the 'Banks of Allan Water' those cruel people made me sing—and my heart breaking the while! What was the verse I was singing when I saw"—she shuddered—"oh! this—"

"For his bride a soldier sought her,  
And a winning tongue had he—  
None so true as she!  
But the summer gale had brought her,  
And the soldier—false was he—"

"Oh, no, no, never, Charles! my poor, murdered Charles—never!" she groaned, and spoke no more that night. She continued utterly deaf to all that was said in the way of sympathy or remembrance; and if her lips moved at all, it was only to utter faintly some such words as "Gone—gone—my dear Charles!" During the next two days she continued drooping rapidly. The only circumstance about her demeanor particularly noticed was, that she once moved her hands for a moment over the counterpane, as though she were playing the piano; a sudden flush overspread her features; her eyes started, as though she were startled by the appearance of some phantom or other, and she gasped, "There—there!" after which she relapsed into her former state of stupor.

How will it be credited, that on the fourth morning of Miss —'s illness, a letter was received from Paris by her family, with a black seal, and franked by the noble colonel of the regiment, in which Charles — had served, communicating the melancholy intelligence that the young captain had fallen towards the close of the battle of Waterloo; for while in the act of charging at the head of his corps, a French cavalry officer shot him with his pistol right through the heart! The whole family, with all their acquaintance, were utterly shocked at the news—most perturbed with amazement at the strange corroboration of Miss —'s prediction. How to communicate it to the poor sufferer was a nervous question, or whether to communicate it at all present. The family, at last, considering that it would be unjustifiable in them any longer to withhold the intelligence, intrusted the painful duty to me. I therefore repaired to her bedside alone, in the evening of the day on which the letter had been received; that evening was the last of her life! I sat down in my usual place beside her, and her pulse, countenance, breathing, cold extremities, together with the fact that she had taken no nourishment whatever since she had been laid on her bed, convinced me that the poor girl's sufferings were soon to terminate. I was at a loss for a length of time how to break the oppressive silence. Observing, however, her fading eyes fixed on me, I determined, as it were, accidentally, to attract them to the fatal letter I then held in my hand. After a while she observed it; her eye suddenly settled on the ample coroneted seal, and the sight operated like an electric shock. She seemed struggling to speak, but in vain. I now wished to heaven I had never agreed to undertake the duty which had been imposed upon me. I opened the letter, and looking steadfastly at her, said, in as soothing tones as my agitation could command, "My dear girl, now don't be alarmed, or I shall not tell you what I am going to tell you." She trembled, and her sensibilities seemed suddenly restored; for her eyes assumed an expression of alarmed intelligence, and her lips moved about like those of a person who feels them parched with agitation, and endeavors to moisten them. "This letter has been received to-day from Paris," I continued, "it is from Colonel Lord —, and brings word that—that—that—" I felt and only checked, and could not bring out the words.

"That my Charles is dead! I know it. Did I not tell you so?" said Miss —, interrupting me, with as clear and distinct tone of voice as she ever had in her life. I felt confounded. Had the unexpected operation of the news I brought been able to dissolve the spell which had withered her mental energies, and afforded promises of her restoration to health?

Has the reader ever watched a candle which is flickering and expiring in its socket, suddenly shoot up into an instantaneous brilliancy, and then be utterly extinguished? I soon saw it was thus with poor Miss —. All the expiring energies of her soul were suddenly collected, to receive this corroboration of the vision (if such it may be called), and she would,

"Like a lily drooping,  
Beneath her head and die."

To return. She begged me, in a faltering voice, to read her the letter. She listened with closed eyes, and made no remark when I had concluded. After a long pause, I exclaimed, "God be praised, my dear Miss —, that you have been able to receive this dreadful news so firmly!"

"Doctor, tell me, have you no medicine that could make me weep? Oh, give it me, give it me; it would relieve me, for I feel a mountain on my breast—it is pressing me," replied she, feebly, uttering the words at long intervals. Pressing her hand in mine, I begged her to be calm, and the oppression would soon disappear.

"Oh—oh—oh, that I could weep doctor!" She whispered something else, but inaudibly. I put my ear close to her mouth, and distinguished something like the words, "I am—I am—I am—call her—husk," accompanied with a faint, fluttering, gurgling sound. Alas! I too well understood it! With much trepidation I ordered the nurse to summon the family into the room instantly. Her sister Jane was the first that entered, her eyes swollen with weeping, and seemingly half-suffocated with the effort to conceal her emotions.

"Oh, my darling, precious, precious sister Anne!" she sobbed, and

knelt down at the bedside, holding her arms round her sister's neck, kissing the gentle sudorifics on her cheeks and mouth.

"Anne—love—love—don't you know me?" she groaned, kissing her forehead. "I could I help weeping! All who had entered were standing round her, sobbing, and in tears. I kept my fingers at the window, suffering, but could not feel whether or not the pulse was there, however I attributed to my own agitation."

"Speak—speak—speak to me—I am your poor sister Jane!" sobbed she, continuing fondly kissing her sister's cold lips and cheeks. She suddenly starting exclaimed, "Oh God, she's dead!" and fell faintly senseless on the floor. Alas! alas! it was two times dead! And broken-hearted patient was no more!—*Diary of a true friend.*

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VOL. I.

NEW-YORK AND PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 11, 1857.

No. 11.

## Principles of Nature.

### HUMAN DEVELOPMENT.

BY FRANCES H. GREEN.  
PHYSICAL GROWTH.

THERE is no element in the human condition—no principle of human action—so continually and beautifully unfolded, and enforced by analogy, and by the authority of inferior conditions, as the inherent necessity of progress. Every phenomenon of Nature—every free thought, or aspiration of the mind—the whole constitution of the physical and spiritual being—teach this idea, first, last, chiefly—that progress is the great law of all life—all being. The very breath of the Almighty, in producing motion as the first condition of life, has also provided that that motion must be forward—upward—and never in a retrograde direction. And this is philosophically and mechanically necessary for the maintenance of the established order; for suppose some forces were moving forward, others backward, while others, again, were running across both tracks, by taking oblique or lateral directions—would they not continually clash together, interrupt, and disturb each other?

To illustrate more clearly the great natural necessity of progress, let us trace the development of a world—we will say our Earth—and then the development of its products. To avoid unnecessary repetition, and at the same time prevent all misunderstanding, we will set out with the idea that the whole is under the control of the Supreme Intelligence, whom men have named God, Jehovah, Allah, the Great Spirit, and whom we like best to call the Divine Mind.

Looking far back over a space of innumerable ages, we behold—not this wondrous orb, whose more refined elements have now become productive of life and beauty, elaborated by various of vital, active, intelligent, and sentient forms; rare state, floating apparently at large, in the realms of space. But although we can not yet perceive it, the Divine Motion has been generated; for it must have been inherent in the condition of Matter itself. There are two laws gradually coming into force. One of these, the law of Central Attraction, first unites, then condenses, binds together, and concentrates the masses, and thus produces an internal axis of motion—the other, operating in precisely the opposite direction, is the great counter-attraction, which we denominate the Centrifugal Force. These two forces, as is well known, and as may be very simply demonstrated, do not annihilate, but only control and balance each other, producing at the same time an orbicular form to the mass, which is yet in a very rare state, and a line of motion which is the result of their joint action, and therefore must be circular, or elliptical, according as one or the other of the forces may, at any given time, predominate. This ellipsis is the orbit of the planet, which, in obedience to the unerring dictates of a great and beautiful law, has thus been projected on the trackless plane of space.

Here we have the rudimental globe, which, in the process of ages more, perhaps, becomes condensed by the action of its constitutional fires, and other elementary forces, into one great mass of pure mineral substance, without any trace of organism, or any aspect of life. All is one wide expansion of gray rock, and huge, precipitating crags, embedded in a partial fluid, the yet unrefined substance from which shall come forth harder rock, and purer water. But barren and gross as it appears, the breath of God is in it, for that has given motion; and, in its turn, motion has generated an atmosphere; and from this original supply of life and nutriment, in due order shall come forth vitality, in a continually ascending series of ever more perfect and beautiful forms.

On the sides of the bare rocks which had already emerged, first began to appear minute gray substances, which, only adhering by their lower portion or disk—for they had no roots—derived all their nourishment from the air. These lived awhile; and, in decay, deposited a kind of ashen or earthy substance. Thus, in process of time, a light thin soil was formed, where plants of a higher type might put forth roots and grow. Thus each race, in dying, bequeathed its corporeal substance to the common parent; and so, in process of ages, the soil was formed. As its elements were originally drawn from the air, it follows, also, that the atmosphere itself was continually undergoing a process of refinement, by which it should be prepared for the nourishment of higher grades of life. So also sea-weeds of a very low type were formed in the gross compound of fluid and solid, which was the first type of water. In the denser portions these in time formed large marshes, which overspread most of the Earth; and they became filled with a rank growth of the lower tribes of Flowerless plants, gigantic lichens, mosses, liverworts, mushrooms and sea-weeds, and finally arborescent ferns.

And continually, along with this, there came to be a development of animal life. Coral formations commenced very

early; and these, by depositing calcareous substances, which they had absorbed from the half-earthly fluid in which they first wrought, contributed at the same time toward purifying the water, and elevating the land, to which they furnished the mineral basis of a softer and better soil. But most of the animal forms were of the grossest types; for only such could respire, and be nourished, by then existing conditions. Huge monsters of ugliness wallowed in the thick deep; and giant lizards, and other sauri, with reptiles and quadrupeds beyond all imagination gross and horrible, crept, or tumbled their unwieldy bulkiness through the rank vegetation on which they fed.

But the refining principle was yet in continual operation. Age by age, and cycle by cycle, the lower and grosser forms, having completed their mission in the work of Time, retired from the scene, leaving the process of development to be continued, by the last and highest in the ascending order of life; each series in its death bequeathing to the world higher types, and more complicated and exquisite machinery of organism.

And so, after the recession of unknown ages, the waters were withdrawn to their great beds, basins and channels, and the dry lands emerged into a finer and more vital atmosphere; and a proportional degree of progress appeared in the animal and vegetable forms. And thus, from those huge monsters, the denizens of the first marshes, by a process of gradual refinement, arose at length the more symmetrical shapes of Fish, Bird, and Quadruped.

Nor had the good mother Earth been forgetful of her eldest daughters, the Plants. The gross fabric of the vegetable body continually growing finer, evolved more delicate and beautiful forms. And as the atmosphere was cleared of the gross matter with which it was laden, the light also became clearer; and this again produced all that is lovely in tint and shade of hue—the fabric growing continually finer, and the colors more beautiful, until from the dull iron gray, or kind of muddy olive-colored robes, which made Nature look like a hard old Quakeress, came forth the beautiful forest foliage. And as the light grew more refined, by still more delicate processes, the corolla or blossom was elaborated, while the light that nourished its beauty, projected yet lovelier hues into its exquisite mesh of cell-work—until the deep blue of heaven, the golden sunshine, the carmine blush of morning, the purple glory of evening, and all the splendors of the rainbow, were reflected on its delicate petals.

So when proper food and a fit element for respiration were prepared, came forth living creatures to work and be glad, in their several conditions—to graze the quiet meadows—to leap over the wild mountain passes—to roam the desert—or with winged forms of grace and beauty, to flit from tree to tree, or cleave with untroubled pinions the serene depths of the clear air.

So has Progress been taught in all things. And, Reader, whoever, or whatever thou art, if thou hast read apprehendingly these few elementary fragments of a great idea; never shalt thou look at an unfolding Rose, but its red lips shall whisper thee something of this history of Physical Development, which has been unfolded by the law of Progress. The snowy petals of the lily are written over with its sublime truths—invisible, indeed, to the external eye, but legible and clear to the soul. It is inscribed on all nature. It is the most ancient of all histories; for it is old as the world, and is lithographed in the very heart of the great globe itself.

### INTELLECTUAL GROWTH.

That the material world, from the moment of its first evolution, has been constantly and steadily progressing toward finer elements and higher conditions, has been demonstrated in our first chapter; and we are now prepared to unfold another link in the chain of causation—to take another step in the path of progress. Let us, for a moment, give our entire attention to the development of mental power in man as a race. Scenes of long-past ages shall rise at our bidding; and we will retire behind them all, that we may obtain a better view of mankind on the very threshold of their Earth-temple, and in the early morning of Time. Then we shall more clearly comprehend how vast and wonderful has been the change.

There are many people who affect to believe that the world has made no progress, in any wise, since the days of Adam; but this is a conclusion so unphilosophical, so untrue to all the most important facts in the case, that were it not so common, it would hardly deserve the trouble of an answer. But let such people observe—since they best comprehend facts, a few points which may now very properly be set before them.

Between the development of the lower series and the superior, or human being, we observe this remarkable difference. In the inferior races the law of progress operates in a direction to unfold higher species—in the human race to unfold higher individuals. Hence the one must progress, the other must remain stationary. The lower animals, having reached that point where the species, with all its proper characteristics, is duly unfolded, make no further advances,

but continue to rotate until the mission of life is accomplished, and then retire from the scene. In the earliest ages the nests and song of birds were artistically perfect, and the cells of insects geometrically exact as now. And why is this? Why have they made no improvement? We need not go very far in seeking for an answer. It is simply because they are not gifted with reason, to reflect, and improve on what their instinct alone urges them to do. It follows, then, since reason is essential to development, that it would naturally be associated with it.

Now, setting aside all History, all Literature, all records of Science and of Art, let us look at Man wholly divested of all external aids—in the nude attributes of a simple and uncultivated nature. We behold in him a being of observation, reason, and memory. He sees what is immediately before him; he studies and reflects; and, according to the clearness of his individual ideas, he comprehends. He remembers what is in his own past experience, or that of others. He compares, and again reasons; hence he inevitably progresses.

But in order more clearly to illustrate this idea, let us go back to the earliest, or silvan ages. Here we find Man a naked savage, inhabiting holes of the earth, and nourished by spontaneous productions of the soil—fruits, roots, and the mucilaginous bark and leaves of trees. He knows nothing of the uses of fire—nothing of Agriculture, of the principles of Mechanics, of the most simple manufacture, nor even of the first elements of speech. Yet that being, rude and gross as he appears, standing there, away back to a great distance, was as much and truly a man, as the wisest sage of any subsequent times; for he had within himself the germs of capability for all human acquisition and achievement. And yet we can hardly comprehend this, as we behold him, in his almost statue-like immobility of soul, or gazing around, in the dumb wonder of his unconscious power. These germs of intellect, infected by the vitality of the physical conditions, were irritated, and finally inspired by a tendency to corresponding life. And thus, one by one, the most simple and obvious wants came to be supplied, one improvement suggesting another, until there was a material change in human condition.

We advance into later times. A patriarch makes some improvement, perhaps in tillage. He dies; but his son has already been instructed. He looks further into the matter, and brings out a more important principle. The secret is communicated to his neighbors, his tribe; and thence, by interchange of social feeling, or more probably by war, it is propagated into other tribes. It is diffused, and continually transmitted, and becomes the property of the world. So with Manufactures—so with Arts—so with all that advances the condition of mankind. The aggregate of human experience, which is knowledge, is bequeathed by generation to generation, by age to age; while the ability to occupy in the best manner the premises thus obtained, and to draw from them the truest and most important deductions—or the power which we denominate wisdom, continually strengthens and refines.

But again it may be objected, that there are so many apparent interruptions of this law, as essentially to disturb, if not to destroy its force. Nations rise, attain a certain degree of civilization, then gradually decline—and finally either fall, or recede into utter barbarism. If human Nature in any of its phases were a fixed fact, requiring certain specific conditions, as of time and place, in order to maintain its growth and progress; or if the elements of progress were purely material, the argument might be a plausible one. But we know that neither of these is true. The spirit of actions can not be annihilated nor even effectually controlled, for a considerable length of time, by any accidental circumstances, whatsoever; and the principle of progress is precisely the most volatile—that is, the least material, and the most spiritual, of any in the whole composition of society. Hence the apparent fall and recession of the masses, are not always to be relied on as true indices of the absolute amount of light, which may have been attained, or lost, in any given period.

The question is not, whether a nation is, at any particular time, in a higher or lower plane of development, but simply whether the world at large suffers actual loss, in the decadence of any of its members. Is the fatality of a civilization affected by such events? We may be referred to the miserable Italian, wandering amid the colonnades of departed Rome—to the degenerate Greek, who still lingers amid the classic scenes of his once unrivaled Attica—to the dark Nubian, and the swart Egyptian, who plunder the traveler of the desert, unconscious of the golden ages when science drank at the fountains of the Nile, and art bequeathed imperishable monuments to the land of the Pyramids—ay and to the ruins of perhaps more ancient American cities, where the departed nations have left no representative, but only a blank silence, to tell us of the past! Where are the splendors of Babylon the great! Where are the purple glories of Tyre—Tyre, the imperial mistress of the seas—who once beheld the commerce of the world sitting at her feet! Where is the progress of all these? The hollow voice of echo amid all their ruins, only answers, "Where!"

And yet this truth does not affect the question at all; because the spiritual can never be estimated or measured by the material. We behold the ruins; but we can not trace the spirit which once animated them with the life and character of genius. Think ye that the minds of the Designer of Carnac, the Architect of Laxor, the Sculptors of Elephanta, or the Artists of Palenque and ancient Quito, died out when their peoples fell into decay, and "left the world no copy?"

Was there less wisdom in the earth when Rome finally sat down in dust and ashes to mourn over her broken toys, the ruined baubles of her overgrown empire, than when her power overshadowed every land, as her fleets stretched over every sea? Certainly not.

The monopoly of power by nations, if it is forcibly attained and held and made the minister of brute force, is, as well as that of individuals, a violation of the rights of those who by that means are deprived of their natural and just proportion of the common wealth or power. This must be so; for if there is an absolute amount of any good thing and one takes what belongs to two, it follows that one other must lose what naturally belongs to him; and so on through larger appropriations. Hence it becomes clear that when a nation is founded on false principles, such as conquest, robbery, wrong in any form, and sustained by the same, that its destruction is but a tendency of the moral elements of vitality in the race, which, not less than the physical elements, seek an equilibrium—that is, seek justice and right.

But in the case of the individual, the apparent loss, apparent mischief, apparent diminution of light; yet in reality it never is; nor can it be so. But the great luminaries, though they may set in clouds, and darkness and blood, are not lost. They surely rise again on some more serene and beautiful horizon, to attain to yet higher altitudes, to diffuse abroad through wider spheres a more brilliant illumination and a more enduring life; and thus the apparent interruption may lead the way to more signal and determined victories of Thought and Genius—to more excellent attainments in all that can advance and do honor to the Race.

Great and good actions never die; for although they may not be remembered, nor even known in the form, they are essentially immortal. And when a nation is overcome by brute force, all there is in it of good—all that is vital—must still live. They pass into other nations. They go with messages of light and love to other shores. They may be projected by the impulse of these convulsive changes into remote regions which they would not otherwise have visited, and where also they are most wanted. Every principle of good must live. No machinery of savage warfare—and all warfare is savage—can compass it about, or take away its life. Truth and Right are immortal. They may be put to the sword, and crushed in the material form of their expounder; but the essence escapes—it lives. It even gathers new life and power. In the expiring agonies of the dying martyr the divine principles for which he suffers may be sent forth with such a terrible and resistless energy as they never could have had in the previous life, into the very soul that is expanded, and waiting to receive them—waiting to conduct them into a wider sphere, and higher plane of action. So it is. Only the phenomenal can be destroyed. There is no death—there is no fall—there is no decay to the living. Life, when once established, must have growth; and growth is progress.

In the exterior fact nations have fallen and disappeared from the earth; but the Spirit and Genius of nations was bequeathed to humanity—to the world. Thus Judea and Ethiopia enriched Egypt with the treasures of their wisdom in Science and Art. Egypt, in her turn, became the nursing mother of Greece, Greece of Rome, Rome of Britain and other European nations—and these of the world.

It may be said that some particular arts, or processes of art, once known to the ancients, are now lost for ever, and we have no power to reach the excellence which, in these respects, our progenitors attained. If the mind were material, or could be confined in material forms, this argument also might hold good so far as it goes. But this is by no means the truth. Some particular facts have undoubtedly been lost; but who can tell what principles of great and universal good may have been given in exchange for those facts? We do not know; but we know this, that for every lost art we have hundreds, if not thousands, of new discoveries and inventions, each of which may be of equal value with any of the missing gems, if we consider them in regard to the absolute amount of good they may confer on the world.

Again, it is said that the artistic faculties of the ancients reached a height of power and splendor which has never been equaled in modern times. But even admitting the claim, it does not invalidate the strength of the general argument at all. There are several reasons for this. In the first place the mental power, which is now more equally diffused through the masses, was in early times concentrated in individuals. And this was necessary, considering the common ignorance, and hence immobility—even for the good of the masses themselves. These could not be reached directly, nor moved collectively, but only through the more excitable persons,

who became to them media, through whom might be made manifest revelations of the Beautiful, the Sublime, the True. So a few individuals, perhaps, became the natural absorbents of the genius of a whole people; and hence the transcendent splendor of their power.

And again, in rudimental ages the imaginative faculties greatly predominate; and the arts connected with them are cultivated, and approach their maximum of excellence, perhaps, before the Reason, which is of much slower growth, can have become matured, or even conscious of the strength it is destined to wield. Yet shall we say that the Fine Arts have a higher dignity and power, or that the spirit and genius of their cultivators were more ennobling than those of Science? Was Homer, or Praxiteles, a greater, or even a finer genius than Archimedes, who bequeathed to the world those great mechanical laws which governed it for eighteen centuries? Was Tubal Cain less nobly endowed than the tuncful Jubal? We are so accustomed to regard whatever involves the necessity of mechanical labor, as being essentially vulgar, that we are hardly prepared to judge in this matter; and yet we shall, at no very distant period, see things more clearly.

Every great genius is not the property of himself, nor of his people, nor of his nation, but of the world; and what is true of the greater, is also true of the lesser lights. All power for good is public property. It may be confined or appropriated for a while; but it ultimately reverts to its true law. It seeks equilibrium as naturally and necessarily as air, and light and heat. Thus there is an intrusion of genius into the world, to vivify those who are in sympathy with every other man's. One may have his own original genius; but this will be modified, more or less, by all that have gone before, by all that immediately preceded, by all that constantly surround him. In Copernicus we behold not himself alone, but a partial transfusion of the spirit of the Samian Sage; and again, was not Pythagoras, himself, an impersonation of the wisdom of ages that had gone before, yet conjoined with his own pre-determined and original genius? If Ptolemy had not studied, and recorded his observations, would Hipparchus, who was his immediate successor in the line of genius, have made his great discovery of the precession of the equinoxes? Or if Vitruvius had not written, should we have had a Michael Angelo? And we may say of a Franklin, a Kepler, a Newton, a D'Alembert, a Laplace, a Cuvier. Had their not been other great lights in the firmament, would these have been stars of the first magnitude?

But leaving all minor matters aside, let us take a single point—the history of Steam Power; for this will put the case in the strongest possible light. About a century before the commencement of the Christian era, Hero, a native of Alexandria, described a machine in which a movement of continual rotation might be imparted to an axis, by the reaction of steam, issuing from lateral orifices, in arms placed at right angles to the revolving axis. About the beginning of the seventeenth century, Branca, an Italian engineer, conceived the idea of giving motion to a wheel, by a blast of steam blown against its axis. About the same time De Caus, a French engineer, proposed to raise a column of water by the pressure of steam, confined in a vessel above the water which was to be raised.

About the middle of the seventeenth century the celebrated Marquis of Worcester published his great work, "A Century of Inventions," in which he describes a steam-engine to be worked by high-pressure; and it is quite probable that he had conceived some idea of the elastic force of steam. Toward the close of the same century the principle of the atmospheric engine was shadowed forth in the mind of Papin, a French engineer, who sought to obtain a moving power by introducing a piston into a cylinder, and producing a vacuum under it, by a sudden condensation of the steam by coal; but he made no practical application of his theory.

The first actual worker of a steam-engine was Thomas Savery, an Englishman, who obtained a patent for his invention in 1698. Savery combined the ideas of Worcester and Papin, or the principles of the elastic pressure and susceptibility of condensation in steam; but he was very far from an exact understanding of these properties, and knowledge of their full power. Savery's engine was used for raising water; but its workings were faulty and was full in the extreme, while from the unregulated high-pressure, there was continual danger from explosions. The wants and difficulties suggested much study on the subject, and finally led to the invention of the atmospheric engine Newcomen, a blacksmith, and Cawley, a glazier, of D. mouth, England. An important improvement in this engine was made some time after, by an ingenious boy named Potter, who found that head-work, for him at least, was far better than hand-work. He was employed to attend the engine by which the steam was admitted and condensed, and condensed steam and water drawn off. He conceived a happy device of tying two strings to the cocks, which fastened to the working beam above, that by its ascent and descending motion it might open and close the cocks, and this was soon done, more promptly and efficiently than he could do. By this simple device the engine nearly



"I heard a great Voice from Heaven, saying, Come up hither."

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## HUMAN DEVELOPMENT.

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PHYSICAL GROWTH.

solid, which was the first type of water. In the denser portions these in time formed large marshes, which over-spread most of the Earth; and they became filled with a rank growth of the lower tribes of Flowerless plants, gigantic lichens, mosses, liverworts, mushrooms and sea-weeds, and finally arborescent ferns.

And continually, along with this, there came to be a development of animal life. Coral formations commenced very

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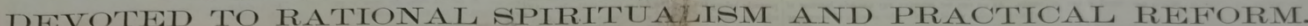
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An important improvement in this engine was made some time after, by an ingenious boy in the name of James Watt, who, by the aid of his friend James Pether, who found that lead would, for him, in the place of water, hand-work, as the employment of steam, to attend the boiling of water, was admitted and condensed, the condensed steam and water drawn off. He conceived the happy device of tying two strings to the cocks, which, fastened to the working beam, might open and close the valves, and the steam was soon done, more promptly and efficiently, he could do. By this simple device the engine nearly





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## BY JAMES NELSON.

THE BROKEN HEART.

Two eminent brother physicians in consultation at her bedside, came to the conclusion that she was sinking rapidly, and that, unless some miracle intervened to restore her energies, she would leave us but a very little longer. After my brother physicians

headly into the room instantly. Her sister Jane was the first  
 red, her eyes swollen with weeping, and seemingly half-suffo-  
 cated by the effort to conceal her emotions.

A. E. NEWTON, Editor,  
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